

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



3 1761 00668495 5



24385A

# TILLERS OF THE SAND

BEING A FITFUL RECORD OF

*THE ROSEBERY ADMINISTRATION*

FROM THE TRIUMPH OF LADAS TO THE  
DECLINE AND FALL-OFF

BY

OWEN SEAMAN

AUTHOR OF

'HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE' AND 'WITH DOUBLE PIPE'

LONDON

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1895

[All rights reserved]

39569  
21/8/9

PR  
6037  
E12T5

THESE desultory sets of verse, written from time to time in illustration of various episodes in Lord Rosebery's late Administration, have, with one exception, been already in print: the majority in 'The National Observer,' four in 'The World,' two in 'Punch.' I have to acknowledge the courtesy of the editors of 'The National Observer' and 'The World' in allowing me to reprint work that has appeared in their pages. For permission to use the two poems from 'Punch' I wish to thank Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., more especially that in the case of one of the poems they have made an exception to their rule requiring a fixed interval of time before republication.

O. S.



# CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
DISSOLVING VIEWS . . . . .	1
THE PROMISE OF LADAS . . . . .	4
WRIT IN WATER . . . . .	7
A LITANY IN TIME OF NEED . . . . .	12
THE BITTER CRY OF THE PRIVATE MEMBER . . . . .	16
SOMNUS AGRESTIUM; OR, THE BORE'S DREAM . . . . .	20
BEATUS ILLE QUI PROCUL NEGOTIIS . . . . .	24
ALLIES IN BLUNDERLAND . . . . .	28
QUIETA NON MOVERE . . . . .	31
PHILADELPHIA; OR, BROTHERLY LOVE . . . . .	34
THE RECORDING ANGEL, EX-M.P. . . . .	37
ENTRE NOËL ET LE JOUR DE L'AN . . . . .	41
EXUL REDUX . . . . .	44
LOWER CHAMBER CONCERT . . . . .	48
SHIFTING SANDS . . . . .	53
THE BATTLE OF LONDON . . . . .	57

---

	PAGE
DISCRETA SEDES . . . . .	61
A COCK AND BULL STORY . . . . .	66
HOW LONG, O LORD? HOW LONG? . . . . .	70
THE UNION OF HEARTS . . . . .	74
A TIED HOUSE . . . . .	78
'THEY BORE HIM BAREFACED ON THE BIER' . . . . .	82
A NATIONAL LIBERAL 'BEANO' . . . . .	86
'BIRTH'S INVIDIOUS BAR' . . . . .	90
A LAMENT FOR THE MACGREGOR . . . . .	95
INTERMEZZO . . . . .	100
FAREWELL TO CORK . . . . .	105
WE ARE MINUS SEVEN . . . . .	110
IN ROSEBERII MEMORIAM . . . . .	115



## *DISSOLVING VIEWS*

(A RADICAL MANIFESTO)

INTELLIGENT Electorate !

I come commended by the Caucus ;

Their notion was that in debate

My voice would prove extremely raucous ;

I naturally like to mention

My leading claim on your attention.

Far be it from me, I may add,

To underrate my private merits,

But as a fact the Caucus had

To burrow like a lot of ferrets,

And simply wriggle all they knew

To raise a candidate for you.

You pardonably drop a hint  
That I should answer certain questions,  
And put, if possible, in print  
Some rough and tentative suggestions  
To indicate our future rôle  
In case we conquer at the poll.

I understand our noble Chief  
Would have the Peers annihilated ;  
Another batch, we note with grief,  
Has recently been elevated ;  
Why *does* he crown his own connection  
Before he scalps the whole collection ?

‘ Down with the Union Jack ! ’ says John ;  
‘ Down with the Church ! ’ says Asquith ; ‘ that ’ll  
Be found a useful malison  
To yell along the line of battle ; ’

---

Amid the common shout for slaughter  
Sir Wilfrid faintly calls for Water.

Apart from this portentous list,  
    So damnatory and seductive,  
We ought to meet the Unionist  
    With schemes a little more constructive ;  
At times the best of agitators  
Are bound to pose as legislators.

We all possess dissolving views ;  
    You pine, no doubt, to pinch your neighbours,  
To rob the honest rich, and use  
    The fruit of other people's labours ;  
Expect me shortly on the spot,  
I'll gladly undertake the lot.

*THE PROMISE OF LADAS.*

WHO names this colt ? What eponym

Stands sponsor for his morals ?

I, Ladas, large and lithe of limb,

Lord of a hundred laurels !

On whom the loud Olympic ring,

Ignoring local squabbles

And every other mortal thing,

Sat tight, and planked their obols.

Parsley and olive, palm and bay—

Without exaggeration

I take it that I bore away

A positive plantation ;

Till Elis saw me pass the post  
By just a bare priority,  
And send my gallant, breathless ghost  
To join the great majority.

He, too, has joined their fighting ranks,  
The heir to my tradition ;  
All on the downs his glossy flanks  
Defy the Opposition ;  
Sound as his owner's chosen make  
Of Government despatch-box,  
Exploding prophecies that stake  
Their safety on a *Matchbox*.

As Myron set me up in bronze,  
To make my parish vainer,  
May he through fortune's pros and cons  
Set up (in tin) his trainer ;

So may he, like the knowing ox,  
Adorn his master's crib and  
Avoiding spavins on his hocks  
Take back the Turf's blue riband !

Go on, my noble king of steeds !  
Go on, *virtute macte* !  
Prime minister to all their needs  
Who went and freely backed 'ee ;  
And if there's really something in  
Success that fans infection,  
Who knows but what a triple win  
Will turn the next election ?

*Punch*, May 19, 1894.

# *WRIT IN WATER*

[Mr. Chamberlain quoted to the House from a letter of his hon. friend Sir W. Lawson to Mr. Whyte, Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, on the prospects of the Government Liquor Traffic (Local Control) Bill, in which he had said that Lord Rosebery declared the Temperance men to be the backbone of the Liberal Party. (Laughter.) 'Remember,' ran the letter, 'how gallantly Sir William Harcourt, who takes charge of the Bill, has nailed his colours to the mast.']

WHEN the Chief of the Exchequer  
 Had relieved his mental pecker  
 (He's the Champion we casually slight),  
 From the right-hand seat beside me  
 Some one ventured to deride me  
 For a letter that I wrote to Mr. Whyte.

It would seem that my effusions  
Often bristle with allusions  
To the victory of Water and the Right ;  
For it is my joy to see to  
The success of Local Veto,  
And I clearly said the same to Mr. Whyte.

Clearly told my gentle reader  
That our battle-breathing Leader  
Was in admirable fettle for the fight ;  
That he'd sport the true-blue riband,  
Quaff a rousing Cocoa Nib, and  
Rally round the ranks of me and Mr. Whyte.

Though the ship of State were leaking,  
He would—nautically speaking—



---

Nail our colours to the masthead, trim and tight ;  
And desert the sorry pennants  
Of the late Evicted Tenants  
(Though I kept the latter dark from Mr. Whyte).

Nay, the Premier in hearty  
Terms had hinted that our party  
Was his 'backbone,' and a source of much delight :  
But he's either dislocated,  
Or become invertebrated,  
Since I quoted the above to Mr. Whyte.

It may be the rise in whisky  
Made the Bill a little risky,  
In the case of ardent spirits feeling spite ;  
And our publicans and sinners,  
Like the best of Derby winners,  
Might have rounded on myself and Mr. Whyte.

I am not, of course, a racer,  
I have never found it pay, sir,  
But I'm bound to own a sort of sense of blight,  
Since the sad Eclipse of Ladas  
Caused the Liberal hopes to fade as  
Fade the leaves—of letters sent to Mr. Whyte.

Once our cause was fairly in it,  
'Growing stronger every minute'—  
That's the phrase that I selected to indite ;  
Now it's weak as toast and water,  
Though perhaps I didn't oughter  
Name a beverage beloved of Mr. Whyte.

When our Head demurely mentions  
His proverbial intentions,

---

And observes in language really rather trite,  
That it still will be his pleasure  
To 'push forward' with the measure,  
Why, we beg to doubt it, don't we, Mr. Whyte?

I dislike to be facetious,  
But I think the promise specious,  
And I say a party cuts a sorry sight,  
Straining every other jack bone  
With a jelly for its 'backbone,'  
Which is what we've been reduced to, Mr. Whyte.

*National Observer*, July 28, 1894.

*A LITANY IN TIME OF NEED*

(Evicted Tenants Bill)

FROM the pestilent, privy sedition

Whose hand is at honesty's throat,

From the bane of a Party's ambition

Whose soul is on sale for a vote ;

From the snare of the impudent fowler,

From treachery sharper than swords,

From the latest political howler—

Defend us, good Lords !

From a Ministry's dodge that is drastic

For gagging the gorge of dissent,

From the Leaguers whose law is elastic

On rent and the paying of rent ;

From the rule that the wretches who do so  
Be badgered by boycotting hordes,  
Crying ' Ho ! for O'Brien his trousseau !'—  
Defend us, good Lords !

When integrity proves suicidal,  
And honour is seared with a brand ;  
When the labour on land that is idle  
Is known as the grabbing of land ;  
When a curse is on faithful endeavour,  
And Parliament keeps its rewards  
For the breach of a bond—then, if ever,  
Defend us, good Lords !

From the scheme for a national bounty  
Releasing America's dole  
Broadcast over borough and county,  
To sweeten the path to the poll ;

From irregular raising of riches  
    To amplify alien hoards  
By the broaching of Englishmen's breeches—  
    Defend us, good Lords !

From the sham elegiacs of mealy-  
    Mouthed agents of Ireland's woes,  
From the efforts of Timothy Healy  
    To sever the shamrock and rose,  
From the scare that the Government gave us  
    When loyalty went by the boards—  
You have saved us already, O save us  
    Now also, good Lords !

Such a grace we will gladly remember  
    When Radical talkers renew  
The design for a Fifth of November  
    Exclusively levelled at you ;

For the nation will never dishonour

A debt that she duly records,

And, if asked, she will take it upon her

To save you, my Lords !

*National Observer*, August 18, 1894.

*THE BITTER CRY OF THE PRIVATE  
MEMBER*

O WALY, waly, up the House !  
And waly, waly, down again !  
And waly for the butchered Bills,  
The little Bills we backed in vain !  
I leaned my weight unto an oak  
—This venerable plant is here  
Put for a Ministerial pledge—  
It broke : the shock was most severe.

It's not the dearth of holidays,  
Though they have been extremely few ;  
Nor yet the wicked waste of time,  
Though this is irritating too ;



It's not the ventilation of  
The House, though that is rather crude ;  
What really hurts a Member's health  
Is Ministers' ingratitude.

O promises are mighty fine,  
And fine the flattery of whips,  
But when you reach the net result  
'Tis but a windy meal of pips ;  
O wherefore did I plank my vote  
For grist to yonder Party mill ?  
For now my Leader lets me down  
And suffocates my little Bill.

When we came in by London town  
Our hearts were high with hope and joy ;  
Some of us wore the tartan kilt,  
And some the hardy corduroy ;

We played the crofter's reel and sang  
The coster's dirge of discontent ;  
And when we piped the Party danced,  
And when we mourned they made lament.

But now that we have saved the game,  
And served the Session's public need,  
Whether we pipe, or mourn, or both,  
They simply pay no sort of heed ;  
But had we guessed our private quest  
Would end in such a sickly sell,  
A dozen of us might have struck  
And sent the Budget Bill to h——.

Now Arthur's seat I'll sit behind,  
Carouse with ever-flowing Bowles,  
And simulate the 'busy bee'  
With other transmigrating souls ;

I'll wave the rebel rag of Weir,  
Roost in the wild Macgregor's 'cave,'  
Go pander to the Parnellite,  
And generally misbehave.

O waly, waly, up the House !  
And waly, waly, down again  
(I've used the phrase before, and still  
The meaning's very far from plain) !  
For O, if my true little Bill  
Were yet alive, and looking fit !  
But now it's in the common grave,  
Green grass already over it.

*National Observer*, August 25, 1894.

SOMNUS AGRESTIUM ;  
*OR, THE BORE'S DREAM*

UPON the unnumbered sand he lay,  
Where airs of ozone blow ;  
His suit was one of Paisley spun,  
His hat was soft and low ;  
In the shadow of sleep he traced again  
The Season's torpid flow.

Along the vista of his dreams  
The Lower House appeared ;  
Beneath a tile of the beaver's pile  
His comely head he reared ;  
The Government was on its feet ;  
The Party faintly cheered.

Again he saw his martial chief  
    Address the stolid mace,  
Inserting tags of Latin gags  
    With elephantine grace ;  
The Rads employed their mother tongue,  
    And mocked him to his face.

Then in the nick of question time  
    Himself adroitly rose ;  
Each word that he said came down like lead  
    Upon his Leader's toes :  
(A tear escaped the sleeper's eye  
    And trickled down his nose).

Before him like a hunted thing  
    He harried Bryce at bay ;  
Then changed the scene to Argentine  
    And drew Sir Edward Grey ;

Or sauntered round the crofters' huts,  
And showed Sir George the way.

Now fast and far to Kaffir-land  
His eagle flight he bent ;  
Then luffed about and trotted out  
The claims of Welsh dissent ;  
While in the nobles' gallery  
The Bishops came and went.

With rare *aplomb* he played the part  
Of truant Labouchere ;  
Lashed at the Lords with knotted cords,  
And chaffed the patient Chair ;  
From sultry noon to dewy eve  
He never turned a hair.

Though any single innings was  
Comparatively short,

His total *coup* amounted to

Three columns of report :

(For joy he shifted in his sleep

And gave a happy snort.)

No fear he felt of wary Whips,

But made them sick with fright ;

The People's Choice, he raised his voice

To put the nation right ;

By day he figured in the *Sun*,

And in the *Star* by night.

Ah ! balmy sleep that thus obscures .

With kindly irony

The very uncouth and naked truth

That he was born to be

Plainly a public nuisance or

A pure nonentity.

*National Observer*, September 8, 1894.

*BEATUS ILLE QUI PROCUL NEGOTIIS*

HAPPY the Member that with work in hand  
 Blithely and buoyantly neglects the same,  
 Says that the Opposition is to blame,  
 Discourses of the Upper Chamber, and  
 Proceeds with airy conscience to vacate.

Remote from toil a peace inviolate  
 Broods o'er his jocund head with halcyon spell ;  
 For him no dissonant division bell  
 Upon an awful sudden sounds the fate  
 Of his proleptically tepid soup ;  
 No longer curling round his lissome flanks  
 The Party Whip adjusts him to the ranks ;  
 No more he hears the gathering war-whoop—



MacGregor for the Clans ! Redmond for Clare !  
Burns for the Masses ! Barclay for the rest !—  
Shake the astonied gangway. Balmy air  
Breathes on his brow precisely as supplied  
To people in the Islands of the Blest ;  
Ripe Autumn courts him on the countryside  
Immersed in mildly innocent pursuits ;  
There tickles he the ravenous pike, or shoots  
A pheasant ere his season ; plucks amain  
The pullulating vintage ; lightly sings  
Snatches of some sweet topical refrain ;  
Smokes freely ; does, in fact, a lot of things  
Indicative of pure domestic bliss.

Nor any evil serpent enters this  
Primeval Paradise, save only when  
He gathers from the fatuous morning mails  
Rumour of one Lloyd-Jonah fearfully,  
Down in the deep interior of Wales,

Cursing the bishoprics of Nineveh ;  
Or haply hears from wild Hibernian parts  
The rattle of shillelaghs on the breeze,  
Blent with the throbbing of United Hearts ;  
Thanks God devoutly he is not as these,  
And prays to be delivered from his friends.  
And there are passing moments when he rends  
His hair, revolving darkly in his head  
What Duties he shall render, being dead.

Even thus in fitfully heroic rhyme  
I meditated, standing at the time  
Upon the Bridge of Westminster by night  
(A matter of some two and ninety years  
Since Wordsworth made remarks upon the site,,  
And deemed my thoughts too fine and large for tears ;  
And so would anyone except his breast  
Were hardened to the texture of a brick.  
I pictured those who, reckless of arrears,

Being of work deferred now deadlly sick,  
Reaped, as above, or otherwise, their rest ;  
Who drank the waters, took a turn or so  
Of easy ambulation on the piers ;  
And ceased about the body politic  
To care one little solitary blow.

Thames much as usual sauntered to the deep ;  
Big Ben observed the quarters ; overhead  
The beacon-light was off ; the mace to bed  
Had long ago majestically passed ;  
Great Scott ! the House of Commons was asleep,  
And all its Members wide awake at last !

*National Observer*, September 22, 1894.

*ALLIES IN BLUNDERLAND*

*(With apologies to Mr. Lewis Carroll)*

‘You are old, Father William,’ the young William said ;

‘We have ceased to accept your advice ;

And yet on our corns you repeatedly tread ;

Do you think that your conduct is nice ?’

‘In my season, Sir William,’ the Ancient replied,

‘I was chary of venting my views ;

But now that I’m out of the swim of the tide

I have done, and shall do, as I choose.’

Said Sir William, 'Of old with the Emerald pack

You would hunt like a man and a brother :

How is it they've come to a cheque on the track,

And are having a brush with each other?'

'In my prime,' said the Ancient, 'I owed 'em a grudge

And my feelings were deadly to stifle ;

But now that I care not a fig or a fudge,

Why, I thought I would pay 'em a trifle.'

'On the question of Liquor,' Sir William observed,

'Our scheme was erratic, I grant ;

But why from that scheme have you suddenly swerved,

And protested the thing was a plant?'

'In the days of my office,' the Ancient explained,

'I would wink for the ghost of a vote ;

But now that there's nothing on earth to be gained,

I have said—well, you saw what I wrote.'

‘Just another conundrum, and then I have done—  
Notwithstanding your recent reaction,  
I trust you are still to be counted as one  
Of the famous Gladstonian faction?’

‘There is wisdom in years,’ was the Ancient’s reply ;  
‘And I solemnly hope, if you’re spared,  
You will cut the connection yourself by-and-by ;  
You would do it at once, if you dared !’

*National Observer*, October 6, 1894.

*QUIETA NON MOVERE*

OF Music Halls let others rant,  
And join the pestilential quarrel,  
And glibly answer cant with cant  
As maudlin if not quite so moral ;

Let others, veiled in pseudonyms  
Go pounding on the quest Quixotic  
Of novel women's ways and whims,  
Half celibate and half erotic ;

And urge a privilege that is  
Neither original nor recent,  
Seeing that most democracies  
Have claimed the right to be indecent ;

Let others swallow day by day  
The last irrefutable story  
Of Weh and Yeh, and Japs 'wha hae,'  
And battles singularly gory ;

And lick their lips and magnify  
The growth of European custom,  
Judging of Eastern culture by  
Torpedoes and the skill to bust 'em ;—

For me, aweary, I confess,  
Of all the newest things in humour,  
Wars, wine and women, art and dress,  
The latest rage, the latest rumour—

How sweet to rest a breathing-while  
Remote from latter-day disputings,  
Bradford, beneath thy honoured pile,  
And hear the Premier's dulcet flutings !



And feel that I may rock my brain  
With music of familiar numbers,  
That nothing like a novel strain  
Will be allowed to wreck my slumbers.

‘Down with the Lords ! Down with the Lords !’

I find the harmless iteration  
Soothing as some old harpsichord’s  
Indifferently dull vibration ;

And while he tunes with easy tact

His venerable *ροῦτ’ ἐκεῖνο*,

Just how the blessed thing’s to act

I know he knows no more than I know

*National Observer*, November 3, 1894.

*PHILADELPHIA ; OR, BROTHERLY LOVE*

*AIR—Off to Philadelphia*

THE 'Nation' met in Rutland Square,  
 The rival tickets all were there  
 To hear the manifesto of McCarthy,  
 For throughout the recent ructions  
 He had issued no instructions  
 For the guidance of the Parliamentary Parthy.

*In re* the late lamented Whip's  
 And other Governmental tips,

The Chairman he protested *vi et arte*  
That he never had a notion  
That the same would cause emotion  
In the bosom of the Parliamentary Party.

Though some were spoiling for a fight,  
He hoped sincerely that they might  
*Appear* to be unanimous and hearty,  
Or there wouldn't be a vestige  
Of the old peculiar prestige  
Like a halo round the Parliamentary Party.

No doubt they would be glad to hear  
The Paris funds were floating clear,  
And now, with stock in hand on which to start, he  
Would demand a revolution  
In the British Constitution  
From the puppets of the Parliamentary Party.

Fair Fortune all across her face.  
 Was smiling on the Celtic race  
 From Kerry to the crofters of Cromárty,  
 And the scene would still be brighter  
 If the gentle dynamiter  
 Could be free to join the Parliamentary Party.

This much they tell, but fail to tell  
 Just how the swift shillelaghs fell,  
 What coats were trailed about *civili Marte* ;  
 For *in camerâ obscurâ*  
 They had managed to insure a  
 Privy audit for the Parliamentary Party.

*National Observer*, November 17, 1894.

### *THE RECORDING ANGEL, EX-M.P.*

[Had the appointment of Mr. Waddy, Q.C., to the Recorder-ship of Sheffield been postponed a month, the New Register would then have come into force at the Brigg election, with the result that the Liberal candidate would have been returned.—*Radical Press.*]

BRING on the weeping willow,

Wave cypress branches, wave,

And pump a tearful billow

Above the hero's grave ;

Mix, mix the mournful toddy,

And join the wakers' jig,

In memory of Waddy

Q.C. and late of Brigg.

O Waddy ! how we miss you !

We never knew your worth

Until the fatal issue

Of your ascent from earth ;

Your passing, as is patent,

Has brought about a big

Suttee of all the latent

Electorate of Brigg.

Long years have we been yearning

To utilise our list

Of occupiers burning

To have their babies kissed ;

Emancipate and eager,

The fresh, full-bottomed Whig,

Next month had crushed the leaguer

And raised the siege of Brigg.

Like Tam o'Shanter's filly,  
We might have fought it out,  
And borne our 'chapman billie'  
Beyond the demon rout ;  
And forward stoutly straining,  
With never an unpolled twig  
Of all our tail remaining,  
Have won the blessed Brig.

Oh, could you but have waited  
One little month at most,  
And then been elevated  
To that distinguished post,  
Our new Recording Angel,  
Light-hearted as a grig,  
Might then have said 'The change'll  
Be barely felt at Brigg.'

Think not we grudge the glory  
They deemed your proper due,  
We merely grudge the Tory  
The place that breathes of you;  
And so above your body  
A tumulus we dig,  
And wail the loss of Waddy  
Q.C. and late of Brigg.

*National Observer*, December 15, 1894.



*ENTRE NOEL ET LE JOUR DE L'AN*

*Entre Noël et le Jour de l'An*

The oracles are mostly dumb ;  
 Still is the hustings' rataplan  
     And still the stumper's hideous hum ;  
 The time invites to eat and drink,  
 And in the intervals to think.

The statesman's studied repartee  
     Is lightly laid upon the shelf ;  
 Even the Earl of Rosebery  
     Refuses to commit himself ;  
 And having nothing now to say  
 Has nothing to explain away.

The blessed reign of Santa Claus,  
Symbolic of Domestic Love,  
Impels the Radical to pause  
From roaring like a sucking-dove :  
A mild and momentary cheer  
Resuscitates the panting Peer:

Under the common holly's leaf  
Late foemen fatten cheek by jowl,  
The Parish Councils big with beef,  
The Vestries full of Turkey-fowl ;  
One equal appetite elates  
Progressivists and Moderates.

All party factions pale thier fires,  
Obedient to Christian law ;

Unmitigated calm inspires  
The universal British maw ;  
And occupies that ample breast  
That slumbers in the New Forest.

*National Observer*, December 29, 1894.

*EXUL REDUX*

[Sir William Harcourt has returned from the New Forest to his residence in Downing Street.—*Universal Press.*]

WELCOME back from the wilds, O immaculate hermit,  
To regions where sin and society meet ; .

Welcome back from your shady (if so I may term it)

Retreat.

Far away in the Forest we feel you have rambled

Through places where natural objects abound ;

With the deer you have coursed, with the rabbits have  
gambolled

Around.

You have shown an indifference simply sublime to  
Affairs that concern the domain of the Guelph,  
And have had an improving and nice little time to  
Yourself.

You have wandered divinely aloof, independent  
Of paltry political ructions and things,  
Like an Exile from Erin, a kingly descendant  
Of Kings.

Peradventure if faint but intelligent rumours  
Have reached you of Rosebery stumping the state,  
You have grimly remarked on the fatuous humours  
Of fate :

Have observed how his lordship has lately projected  
His foot into matters that fitted him ill,  
Not to mention the buskins that *you* were expected  
To fill.

Yet the blast of your voice has been hushed to a chirrup,  
Your armour reduced to the semblance of silk ;  
And the wine of your wrath mitigated with syrup  
Or milk.

We have sighed for the shafts of your wit and the cunning  
That drew the long bow in the time of your need ;  
But your laurels like casual chaff have been running  
To seed.

Yes, afar from the fighting, in stately and still ease,  
Unmelted of flattery, deaf to dissent,  
You have kept in the recognised mode of Achilles  
Your tent.

There are murmurs of mutiny openly boasting,  
The scent of sediti<sup>o</sup>n is borne on the breeze,  
Even under our nostrils the Welsher is toasting  
His cheese.

---

O arise from your rest, for our foes are defiant  
And half of our comrades are kicking their heels ;  
Sally forth like a thundering god or a giant  
On wheels.

*National Observer*, January 12, 1895.

# *LOWER CHAMBER CONCERT*

(BOOK OF WORDS ONLY)

## *First Voice.*

I HAVE thought that the Session should rightly begin  
 By a sort of a Radical blast ;  
 By a Bill that should threaten perdition and shame  
 To an order of things with a glorious name,  
 With a sacred and national past.

And I said, ' I will go for Religion in Wales,  
 And in future the title to grace  
 Shall be kept for Dissenters and Druids and such—  
 I refer to the people whose tongue is in touch  
 With the luminous speech of the race '



*Cabinet Chorus.*

If *any* scheme deserves to win  
 Our whole and sole attention,  
 It is the scheme embodied in  
 The little Bill you mention.

*Second Voice.*

I admit that the Welsher is down on the fold  
 In proportions of fifteen to one,  
 Having voted for things that he felt were accurst  
 Till the skin of his conscience is tending to burst,  
 And his merits are second to none ;

But I plead for the claims of the Land of the League  
 Where another Commission has sat ;

Though the sides of the question were properly two,  
The Commission adopted a different view ;  
I've a Bill that is based upon that.

*Chorus : If any scheme, &c.*

*Third Voice.*

There is joy in the breach of a personal bond,  
But a breach in the State is the best ;  
So I stickle for going the integral hog,  
And exploding the Union that lies like a log  
On the pit of the Liberal chest.

*Chorus : If any scheme, &c.*

*Fourth Voice.*

By the way, we have heard that the Party is ripe  
(If not rotten) enough for a blow

Of a nature to act as a ram-catapult,  
And demolish the Chamber above, and result  
In a Chamber of Horrors below.

*Chorus* : If any scheme, &c.

*Fifth Voice.*

I've a novel design that enables a man  
(And the order is temptingly tall)  
To determine, as best he may happen to think,  
What and where, and how often, his neighbour may drink,  
Or indeed whether ever at all.

*Chorus* : If any scheme, &c.

*Sixth to Tenth Voices.*

There are matters aloof from ephemeral strife  
That we cannot conceivably chuck,  
That affect to its vitals the life of the land,  
Such as Toy Locomotives, and Aldermen, and  
Registration and Oysters and Truck !

*Chorus.*

If *any* schemes deserve to win  
Our whole and sole attention,  
They are the schemes embodied in  
The little Bills you mention.

*National Observer*, February 9, 1895.

*SHIFTING SANDS*

(THROUGH THE HOUR-GLASS)

AIR—*The sun was shining on the sea*

THE chief was sitting in his place,

Sitting with all his might ;

He did his very best to keep

His banner out of sight ;

And this was odd when he was in

The middle of the fight.

J. R. was fuming sulkily ;

He thought the bloody fray

Had got no business to proceed  
Another blessed day,  
Unless the army chose to own  
That Erin blocked the way.

The House was full as full could be,  
The leaders sick as sick ;  
They threw a little dirt about,  
In hope that some would stick ;  
They also backed a heap of bills ;  
They often go on tick.

The Asquith and the Labouchere  
Were looking round the land,  
The former laughed aloud to see  
Such quantities of sand ;  
' If we could plough it up a bit,'  
He said, ' it *would* be grand !

‘If all the Party in a row  
Ploughed it for half a year,  
I wonder if it would affect  
A solitary Peer.’  
‘I doubt it,’ said the Radical,  
And smiled from ear to ear.

‘Still, *if* you think the ploughing might  
Annoy the Landed Class,  
My little lot will lend itself  
To bring the scheme to pass ;  
I call it fairly asinine,  
But—“write me down an ass !”’

‘The time has come,’ the Asquith said,  
‘To talk of bogus bills ;  
Of Welsh dissent and questions like  
The cure of Tenants’ ills ;

And whether Mr. Morley knows  
Of any patent pills.

‘We thank you therefore very much  
For being really nice,  
And kindly promising to play  
The ass at any price.’

‘I don’t see where the oyster beds  
Come in,’ said Mr. Bryce.

*National Observer*, February 23, 1895.



*THE BATTLE OF LONDON**AIR—Hohenlinden*

ON London, where the gas was low,  
And still as winter was the flow  
Of water-companies that go  
On piling money rapidly,

The counters counting up the votes—  
This side the sheep, and that the goats—  
Were making speculative notes  
On what the net result would be.

But London saw another scene  
When those that hate the happy mean  
Were gathered round the fatal screen  
    To welcome their majority ;

That sight was better than a play—  
The Radical *Hetæria*  
All in their caravanseraï,  
    And ripe for any revelry !

But when the tape began to click,  
The sanguine body politic  
Became incontinently sick,  
    And cursed aloud Progressively ;

And watching half the weary night  
The swift recording demon write  
The list of fallen in the fight,  
    A sorry tale of twenty-three,

They said it was a marvel that  
A pampered Proletariat  
Should treat the labelled Democrat  
As if he were the enemy.

But in the subsequent debate  
They made as if to mock at fate ;  
The language was Immoderate,  
It also was extempore.

But fuller yet the bitter bowl,  
When Monday gave the perfect poll,  
And Wandsworth bells began to toll  
O'er Dickinson his sepulchree.

Save, Hutton, half thy banners, save  
For winding-sheets to wrap the brave !  
And let Sir George above their grave  
Lift up his wail Tit-Bitterly.

But as for Johnny, by-and-by,  
He'll talk to those that wiped his eye,  
And then, my word, there'll be a high  
Auld 'nicht wi' Burns' in Battersea !

*National Observer*, March 9, 1895.

*DISCRETA SEDES*

By what is technically called 'to-day'

They will perhaps have settled on a Speaker ;

If so, the thing or two I had to say

Is bound to be proportionately weaker ;

It is a little galling to the mind

To cut a thoughtful and prophetic caper,

And get the wrong result a day behind ;

But that's the beauty of a weekly paper.

Under the circumstances I prefer

To make reflections rather than to prophesy ;

And let me say that it would not occur

To *me* to seek the post ; it is an office I

Consider full of dignity and grace,

But then there's precious little else to show for it ;  
And when you come to think about the case  
It's odd that such a lot of people go for it.

To sleep ! perchance to eat ! You must allow

These blessings are a natural tradition ;  
A really healthy creature like a cow  
Will often do the two in one position ;  
But though his need be exquisitely sore,  
A Speaker cannot properly do either,  
At any rate from three to twelve (or more)  
He barely gets the semblance of a breather.

Through all the drowsy boredom of debates

He still must keep a counterfeit composure,  
Look callous when a person perorates;  
And know precisely when to put the closure :

For each enigma have its fit reply,  
Weigh well his judgment lest it prove erroneous,  
Give every man his ear and some his eye,  
And do his duty by the late Polonius.

Through oratory seldom quite sublime  
He shows, as I observed, a mild urbanity,  
Says 'Order ! order !' at the proper time,  
And checks the Government from mere profanity ;  
He has to know his precedent by rote,  
Distinguish when the Serjeant should be sent for,  
Do anything except record his vote—  
The only thing a Member's rightly meant for.

All which considered, were the choice my own,  
I'd have my dearest enemy appointed ;  
There was indeed a rumour faintly blown  
Suggesting that Sir William be anointed ;

By blood a Prince, he knows the regal art ;  
That chair would be his throne, and he the soul of it ;  
And while another man might fill the part,  
I'm fairly certain *he* would fill the whole of it !

There are that look, but luckily in vain,  
For him, the Unforgotten-of-the-million,  
The Grander, Older, Man to come again  
Like Arthur from the shadows of Avilion ;  
While others ask, by Justice with the scales,  
Why Englishmen should be the only starters ;  
Is this a further slight to gallant Wales,  
And yet another knock for Erin's martyrs ?

I rather fancy some heroic shape,  
All swollen with a patriot's emotion,  
Our own Alpheus or the cultured Snape  
To represent the Mistress of the Ocean ;



---

And if he were a Member, I surmise

The Ministry would have another rank lark,

And enter Mr. Redford for the prize

In view of his experience as a bank clerk.

*National Observer*, March 23, 1895.

## A COCK AND BULL STORY

AIR—*Casabianca*

[‘European navies were like fighting cocks, armed to the teeth ; a single spark might cause an explosion.’—*Dr. MacGregor on the Navy Estimates.*]

THE fighting cock stood on the deck,

His eye was rolling red,

His feathers whiffled round his neck,

His crest was on his head.

He wore his spur above his heel,

His claws were underneath,

He also had a mass of steel

Plate armour on his teeth.

Meanwhile the House was haggling on  
In one of those debates  
When Little England jumps upon  
The Navy Estimates.

There Cleophas, of many wiles,  
Brought up his little lot,  
And Mr. Byles, with wreathed smiles,  
Was deadly on the spot.

And Labby said the bootless pay  
Of navies should be stamped on ;  
'There is no boot !' as strikers say  
In Labby's own Northampton.

'Then came a burst of thunder-sound'  
That shook the very street,  
And lo ! MacGregor's form was found  
To be upon its feet.

He called the rates a great expense,  
He was a peaceful Scot,  
And said the talk about 'defense'  
Was simply Tommy-rot.

Far better for his country's good,  
So long allowed to bleed,  
If only half the money could  
Be spend across the Tweed.

Then with a petrifying shout,  
Like some *clamantis vox*;  
He fetched a trumpet note about  
The teeth of fighting cocks ;

A simile of crew and crew  
All ripe for any ruction  
(Refer to verses one and two,  
Or else the introduction) ;

A spark might fall from out the sea,  
Completely unforeboded,  
And then the birds—where would they be?  
Why, they would be exploded.

He looked around for some applause  
From front or side or rear ;  
They never said a word, because  
They hadn't strength to cheer.

With many an accidental jest  
The hearts of men were full,  
But O ! the thing they liked the best  
Was bold MacGregor's bull !

*Punch*, April 6, 1895.

*HOW LONG, O LORD? HOW LONG?*

IN Calverley's delightful pages

I often chortle at the view  
Expressed by that supreme of sages

About a certain cockatoo  
Embellished with a regal tuft,  
And suitable for being stuffed.

I like the creature's insolent

Ability to recognise  
How much his owner's heart was bent

On his immediate demise ;  
And yet he winked the other eye,  
And stolidly refused to die.

There is a strong and quite absurd  
    Resemblance, as it seems to me,  
Between the tricks of Blades's bird  
    And those of Harcourt's Ministry ;  
In each we trace a constitution  
Inimical to dissolution.

But *à propos* of winged things,  
    And passing from the cockatoo,  
The fancy naturally springs  
    To what a swan is said to do ;  
They say, when dying in a ditch,  
He sings a hymn at concert pitch.

To grapple with the parallel—  
    The humour of the passing fowl  
Suggests that we may very well  
    Remark in this stupendous howl

Emitted by the Anti-Clerics

A sort of moribund hysterics.

I know a book by Mr. Barrie,

An early work that should be read

By people who incline to tarry,

Well knowing they are *Better Dead* ;

I wish to have a copy sent

To all the present Government.

For as the work that they have done

Was long ago precisely nil,

And since the Session has begun

Is something rather smaller still,

It seems the best they can achieve

Is just to give it up and leave.



What frequently will happen in  
The history of any man  
Addicted to a course of sin  
Applies to them ; for nothing can  
In all their life—as I'm a prophet—  
Become them like the leaving of it.

*National Observer*, April 6, 1895.

### THE UNION OF HEARTS

[‘ To-day we feel, without scarce (*sic*) knowing why, a desire to cheer for Umra Khan ; who, amid the rocks and cliffs of Chitral, is giving battle to English regiments.’—*United Ireland.*]

WHEN the legions of Umra are dancing  
 Well out of the way of the ‘ Guides,’  
 And the pick of the Lancers are lancing  
 Whatever is left of their hides ;  
 When from every available station  
 The bullets are beating like rain—  
 He has this consolation  
 That some of our nation  
 Are backing his Plan of Campaign,  
 Umra Khan and his Plan of Campaign.

---

Though the seas roll gurly between,  
There's a party that wears the green,  
A brotherly band  
That stretches a hand  
To the foes of the State and the Queen.

When the Speaker affair was decided,  
And Radicals cared not a fig  
For the matter of merit, provided  
That one of them went for the wig ;  
When their candidate noticed the grim  
Iteration of Healy's refrain,  
How delightful for him  
To remember that Tim  
Was supporting his Plan of Campaign,  
The Speakership Plan of Campaign !

When the Leader is sworn to agree to  
The sack of the labourer's club,  
While neglecting the option to veto  
The National Liberal Pub ;  
Then O'Brien suggests with a smile  
That, so long as they needn't abstain  
In a similar style  
On the Emerald Isle,  
They will vote for his Plan of Campaign,  
For Sir William, his Plan of Campaign.

When the chief of the firm of freebooters  
Is stalking the Anglican fold,  
And conducting his secular looters  
In quest of a quarry of gold ;  
When he sees that the Church's subjection  
Is chiefly Papistical gain—

---

And the 'National' section  
From Roman affection  
Are pushing his Plan of Campaign,  
The Dissenter, his Plan of Campaign ;—

Then it makes an harmonious scene,  
For there is really nothing between  
His hand and the hands  
Of the party that stands  
By the foes of the State and the Queen.

*National Observer*, April 20, 1895.

*A TIED HOUSE*

WE are sons of the soil where the usquebaugh blooms

And the scent of its fumes

Is as healthy as tar ;

And we miss our poteen

In the Saxon shebeen

Where they serve us across the Imperial Bar.

*Chorus* : For the potion to which we aspire

Is a blending of whisky and fire,

But they've cheapened our cheer

To the smallest of beer,

And we're tied to Sir William's Entire.

---

We emerged from the sylvan recesses of Blarney,  
From Cork and Killarney,  
From Louth and Tyrone,  
With the ultimate notion  
Of passing a motion  
For having a House and a Bar of our own.

When they brewed the Dissenters an unction to ease 'em,  
We bargained to please 'em  
By taking it hot ;  
Though the mark of the robber  
And brand of the jobber  
Were burnt on the barrel and punched on the pot.

When they served a Lawsonian syrup to follow,  
We managed to swallow  
The nauseous treat ;

Though our veteran gorges  
Rebelled at these orgies  
And sighed for a sip of the usual, neat.

But the latest of all is a singular brand  
For reviving the land  
When it comes to the vote ;  
It's a popular bribe  
That we've got to imbibe  
On the principle known as One Party One Throat.

There's a cup that is filling (and still in arrears)  
For the Chamber of Peers,  
As the wages of sin ;  
Which is fruity, no doubt,  
But we fail to make out  
Where The Nation (that's Us) is supposed to come in.



---

We have lain pretty low, but the lowliest worm

Is permitted to squirm

On a question of thirst ;

If he can't be supplied

In a House that is tied,

Why, the knot must be severed or something will burst.

*Chorus* : For the potion to which we aspire

Is a blending of whisky and fire,

But they've cheapened our cheer

To the smallest of beer,

And we're tied to Sir William's Entire.

*National Observer*, May 4, 1895.

*'THEY BORE HIM BAREFACED  
ON THE BIER'*

OPHELIA

[ ' Much excitement was produced in the Lobby by Sir William Harcourt's intimation that the present Budget would, in all probability, be his last.'—*Daily Press*. ]

O LOYAL friends ! O gallant foes !

O quite a lot of other factions !

This is, as not a creature knows,

The last of all my Budget actions ;

For though I don't propose to run away,

I still refuse to fight another day.

Long since, I had it in my heart

To break this parlous piece of news,

And cause a momentary start

Among the sleepers in their pews ;

For I have felt—of course I may be wrong—

That lately I have not been going strong.

All flesh is grass—or so they say—

And certainly the time must come

When heroes undergo decay,

And even princely lips are dumb ;

We all must ultimately yield our place,

Sooner or later—later in my case.

Nor could I find a fitter hour

In which to shadow forth my fall,

That none may weep my waning power,

Or turn his face toward the wall

(If anybody really wants to sob, he

Will please to go and do it in the Lobby) ;

For while I grasp the Budget Bill,  
 With swelling chest and chin sublime,  
 To many friends my posture will  
 Recall the splendour of my prime ;  
 And even Envy owns, at such a minute,  
 That nobody beside myself is in it.

What fitter hour, again, than this  
 For Erin's sons to learn the cost  
 Of all that they are like to miss  
 With yet another Leader lost,  
 Whose latest joy it is to do a bit  
 Of Budget-cooking for their benefit ?

For when my ashes shall be cool  
 They'll think : ' He laughed a little at  
 Our homely taste for local rule,  
 But in the end he noticed that

The extra whisky duty gave us pain,  
And so he kindly took it off again.'

Then toll for me the passing gong,  
And lightly heave my body hence,  
And sing me fair Ophelia's song,  
And say : ' It truly was immense  
To see him settle down, without a tear,  
Barefaced, as ever, on the British Beer !'

*World, May 8, 1895.*

*A NATIONAL LIBERAL 'BEANO'*

THERE was a noise of revelry by night,  
 And England's Radicals had gathered there  
 In all their practically Peerless might ;  
 The Independent Labour Party's hair  
 Was curled ; and Beauty, with her best attire on,  
 Recalled the *Eve of Waterloo* (by Byron).

Soft eyes were seen to droop, high hearts to bound,  
 And all went merry as a grig—when hush !  
 When hark ! a deep and soul-seducing sound  
 Came pealing through the careless, giddy crush ;  
 Was it the trombone, or the supper bell,  
 Or else the voice of some 'voluptuous swell' ?

---

O mellow organ ! skilled alike to make  
The Proletariat glow with speechless glee ;  
To keep sublimely and sublimely break  
The torpid spell of taciturnity ;  
Or haply in the humour of romance  
To sound the invitation to the dance !

Is this the voice that lately, sweet and low,  
Checked off the profits of the passing year,  
And sought with fair persuasiveness to show  
The National advantages of Beer,  
Implying that it were a cruel shame  
To put a Local stopper on the same ?

Is this the voice whose sad appealing note  
Prognosticated imminent demise,  
Much like the swan that tunes his parchèd throat  
Almost immediately before he dies ?

That now with high elation drowns the dirge  
In pæans on the sheer volcano's verge ?

The same, but not the same ; the scene is changed ;  
The hour invites to badinage and bluster,  
When round him all his own elect are ranged,  
Save those, a negligeeable few, that muster  
Where rival lips—in quite another room—  
Defiantly postpone the day of doom.

I would I had been there ; by all report  
It was a little heaven below to see ;  
The Nonconformist Welsher take his sport  
Unfettered, reckless, dissolutely free ;  
Indeed, I always understood his tone is  
A little loose at conversaziones.



But when the leading wags had plied their wit,  
The lucubrated jest, the jaunty trope,  
And proved the Ministry were nice and fit,  
And he, the Leader, full of spring and hope,  
O then to see him join the dance, and go  
Revolving on the trim elastic toe !

Such are the scenes of bliss without alloy  
That captivate the People's throbbing breast,  
The episodes of pure domestic joy  
That fairly thrill the chaste suburban chest ;  
The distant province hears the happy hum,  
And murmurs—Lo ! Millennium is come !

*World*, May 15, 1895.

‘*BIRTH'S INVIDIOUS BAR*’

AIR—*Lady Clare*

It was the time when Budgets blow,  
 And talk of Beer was in the air ;  
 Lord Wolmer sat him in a row  
 Behind the back of Labouchere.

I trow the latter saw his chance,  
 Your Radical, you may be sure,  
 Is ever eager to advance  
 The claims of Primogeniture.

He noticed—if report was true—

A noble Earl of high degree

Established in a common pew

In ordinary company,

The Earl in question, closely pressed

About his name and natal star,

Somewhat denied, somewhat confessed,

And gently bowing crossed the Bar.

Up came the Leader on the spot,

He wished to make the matter clear,

Either his honoured friend was not,

Or else he was, a Belted Peer.

The thing could soon be worried out,

Meanwhile the claimant might receive

The benefit of any doubt,

And, so to put it, take his leave.

---

It never was permitted by  
The rules of reason or of rhyme  
For any man to occupy  
Two several places at a time.

No one could simply say, 'I please  
To sit in both ;' it wouldn't do ;  
Although a Member, if obese,  
Might cover ground enough for two.

And similarly, though a man  
At times might run to double chins,  
No decent Æthiopian  
Had ever worn a brace of skins.

'Nay now,' said Mr. Chamberlain,  
'To sit or not to sit : this is  
The weary question once again  
Of Peerage disabilities.'

---

'Nay now, what question?' said the Chair,

'What motion? nay, I know of none.'

The Chief assumed his martial air ;

'You want a motion? here is one :—

'The noble lord is bound to sit

Elsewhere by virtue of his status ;

I move the making of a writ

To rectify the rude hiatus.

'Who dares oppose himself to me

Is ill-advised ; his words are light.'

'Nay now,' that other said, 'but see,

You show a naughty, naughty spite.

'Until he prove his right of race,

According to your own admission

The Earl is beltless, and his case

Is merely one of grave suspicion.'

---

The Leader's logic grew severe  
And exquisitely pertinent—  
' If he aspires to be a Peer,  
But not a Lord of Parliament—

' If he aspires to be a Peer  
But claims to sit within the Bar,  
Where are we ? Neither there nor here,  
In fact, we dunno where we are !'

*National Observer*, May 18, 1895.

*A LAMENT FOR THE MACGREGOR*

HE's gane ! he's gane ! he's frae us torn,

The brawest billie e'er was born ;

Mourn, feckless Caledonia ! mourn,

Ye Whigs an' a' !

Macgregor's left the Hous' forlorn,

Rob Roy's ava' !

Ye buckies by the braes o' Ness,

When ye obsairve the Tory press

Sae fu' o' glee, wi' dour distress

Your wames mun ache ;

We're in an awfu' sickly mess,

An' nae mistake !

Our chiel was aye a shinin' licht,  
An' when he spak wi' a' his micht  
The Hous' wad keckle at the sicht,  
                                An' brust wi' laughter ;  
The timmers shuk ae blessed nicht  
                                Frae floor to rafter !

That nicht he rose in fechtin' mood  
Ahint the Chieftain's fearfu' brood,  
An' hitcht his sporan up an' stood  
                                An' straikt his kilt,  
An' ilka body thocht that bluid  
                                Wad soon be spilt.

'Is there,' said he, 'ae canny Scot  
But feels his marrow meltin' hot



To see the Crofters gae to pot

An' pure perdeeetion

A' thro' the blazin' Tammy-rot

O' yon Commeesion?

' I'd hae ye ken I stand at bay !

*Noo will ye gie the clans a day ?*

Auld Willie winked—' I canna say ;

I sairly doot it ;

Gin I were you I wadna lay

Lang odds aboot it.'

Macgregor snuffed the air a wee,

An' tuk an aith to do or dee,

Then oot he spak wi' gleamin' e'e

An' gloomin' braw—

' It isna gude enough for me !'

An' walked awa'.

He's gane ! the cantiest o' leeches,

An' eke as gleg at makin' speeches

As ony meenister wha preaches

The proven word,

An' we abode amang our breaches,

An' never stirred !

For verra shame our beardies bristle,

An' Scotland's greetin' ower her thrissle

To think we daurna lift a miss'le

Against her faes ;

Ae thing remains—to wet our whistle.

An' droon our waes.

Then gar the whisky glasses clink,

An' tak a tearfu' stoup o' drink,

An' mourn wi' us the missin' link

O' Scotland's weal ;

Our billie's gi'en us, a' a jink,

An' that's the de'il !

*National Observer*, June 1, 1895.

*INTERMEZZO*

(WHITSUNTIDE)

Now doff we winter's weeds, for May is out,

And June is in with eager, freckled face ;

And here are trippers tripping all about

The place.

They take a short recess, as I suppose,

From choice, or fashion, or the force of wont ;

And those that work recede as well as those

That don't.

---

Even the faithful Commons turn aside  
From legislating for a little bit,  
And freely wanton in the flowing tide  
Of Whit.

The very Speaker ceases now to speak,  
And hushed is each intolerable Bore ;  
The mace is put in wadding for a week  
Or more.

A solemn stillness, as the poet says,  
Holds all the atmosphere ; the cheery char  
Hums reverently as she polishes  
The Bar.

The Mice of Parliament in measured tone  
Discuss a little subterranean Bill ;  
The fearless beetle wanders at his own  
Sweet will

Emancipated from the heavy task  
Of really doing nothing all the while,  
The House with one consent proceeds to bask  
And smile.

One common jubilee corrects their spleen,  
One touch of Nature unifies the lot,  
And any trifling difference is clean  
Forgot.

Together as they plough the driven sand,  
Securely bunkered on the breezy links,  
An augur sees a rival augur, and  
He winks.

The weaned infant and the cocatrice  
Fracture their bulgers on the self-same tee;  
Such harmony is very, very nice  
To see.

---

Homesick and heartsick, to its proper lair

The slighted, blighted band of Erin sails ;

The Welshers, on the other hand, repair

To Wales.

And Weir's awa' with all his kilted crew

To greet MacGregor on his native heath,

And rouse the rebel clans, and arm 'em to

The teeth.

The Chief, in some New Forest glade reclined,

Extemporises immemorial jokes,

Or quaintly carves them on the listening rind

Of oaks.

And courtly Cleophas takes heart of grace

To think the People own at least a Peer

Who anyhow can win one Derby race

A year.

God bless the happy creatures ! As for me,  
Why dwell, I say, upon the paltry past ?  
This little holiday is like to be  
Their last.

*World*, June 5, 1895.



*FAREWELL TO CORK*

Now toll the temporary bell

For W. O'Brien's knell ;

I come, in fact, to say farewell,

O Cork !

Politically, as you know,

I've grappled with our common foe ;

Now Chance has been and laid me low,

O Cork !

I've sat, a hunted thing, in ditches ;  
I've served a spell in prison, which is  
A place where people steal your breeches,  
O Cork !

I said, ' No matter ! let 'em take  
My trousers for my country's sake,  
Bare legs do not a prison make,'  
O Cork !

Then, ere I won the light of day,  
An enemy had smirched with clay  
Another part of my array,  
O Cork !

That garment which I never fail  
On any lightest hint to trail—  
A Peer had trodden on its tail,  
O Cork !

I flung my gage ; without a fear  
For any costs, however dear,  
I battled with the bloated Peer,  
O Cork !

But ah ! it was a brother Celt  
That planted bruisers on my pelt,  
And hit me underneath the belt,  
O Cork !

My own familiar friend who laid  
His hand in mine and offered aid,  
And wanted, later, to be paid,  
O Cork !

A son of Erin ! shame, I say ;  
He might have known before to-day  
That Erin's patriots *never* pay,  
O Cork !

I wonder how he had the face  
To thus defy, to thus disgrace  
The high traditions of his race,

O Cork !

He'll question next the League's intent,  
And hint that money might be spent  
From time to time in paying rent !

O Cork !

How could he let his fellow-man,  
Who preached with him the pious Plan,  
Lie stricken like a pelican,

(O Cork !)

That welters in the waste alone,  
A shaft embedded in his bone,  
Whose feathers were his very own ?

O Cork !

---

Enough ! it makes me deadly sick ;  
And there's the *Irish Catholic*  
Engaged in heaving half a brick,  
O Cork !

I'll tell Timotheus what I mean  
When once we meet on College Green  
With new shillelaghs, nice and clean,  
O Cork !

Meanwhile it might be just as well  
To toll the temporary bell  
For W. O'Brien's knell,  
O Cork !

*National Observer*, June 15, 1895.

*WE ARE MINUS SEVEN*

A. GOVERNMENT, dear Editor,  
That drew so scant a breath  
Would seem to be intended for  
A rather early death.

I met a stickit Ministry,  
It was but three years old,  
Already on its brow were sprent  
Grey hairs among the gold.

---

Its health, I thought, was far from good,  
Its weight exceeding light ;  
I greatly wondered how it could  
Have sat so very tight.

‘Your surplus voters, free or paid—  
How many may you be?’  
‘We reckon seven in all,’ it said,  
And slowly winked at me.

‘A sorry margin,’ I replied,  
‘It surely has decreased ;  
I quite supposed that you relied  
On forty odd, at least.’

‘O ! half a pair has gone away  
To Kiel, across the sea ;  
And some have joined, we grieve to say,  
The great minority.

‘The Parnellites have snapped the link,  
Macgregor’s o’er the Border,  
And one is shaky on the drink,  
And Gully’s keeping order.

‘And round the churchyards one in ten  
Tunes up his private organ,  
And Osborne Morgan now and then  
Dissents from Osborne Morgan.

‘For one the widowed Cork’s lament  
Is daily growing louder,  
And one has lately had his tent  
Blown up with smokeless powder.

‘And one, among the first to go,  
A Whip of gentle cords—  
He left us sorrowing below,  
And mounted to the Lords.



‘ And often, Sir, when all was blue,  
And work was in arrears,  
For want of better things to do,  
We sat and cursed the Peers.

‘ We sat and planted Bill on Bill,  
We stuck, and wouldn’t stir,  
And every evening things were still  
Precisely what they were.

‘ We ploughed the ocean’s sandy bed,  
We filled the foaming cup,  
Or knocked a statue on the head  
Before we put it up.

‘ At last there came a deadly rot ;  
Beneath a blazing heaven  
We lost our little racing lot,  
And trickled down to seven !

‘Who would have thought that Ascot week  
Should prove our dissolution—  
The straw that shattered, so to speak,  
The camel’s constitution?’

‘But still, with seven braves,’ I said,  
‘A deal may yet be done ;  
Your Derby chief, as I have read,  
Would be content with *one* !’

‘O ! we could do a deal or two  
With seven,’ it replied ;  
‘The only thing that troubles us  
Is this—it isn’t on the plus,  
But on the minus side.’

*World*, June 26, 1895.

*IN ROSEBERII MEMORIAM*

(The Old Man epilogises in the Miltonic manner)

YET once more, O my Party, yea, once more  
 (This time with health as hardy as a rock  
 Through my excursus to a foreign shore),  
 I seek you as a mother seeks her flock  
 And finds the pretty creatures plucked and bare.  
 Bitter occasion and a shattered pair  
 Compel me thus above an honoured bier  
 To perpetrate the unaccustomed rhyme ;  
 For Rosebery is gone, gone ere his prime,  
 Poor Rosebery, and never hurt a Peer !

We two were nursed upon the selfsame bills,  
And fed the selfsame foolish bounding sheep,  
Though he has never known the care that kills  
The lowly commoner ; nor sighed for sleep  
What time Sir William wound his sultry horn,  
Or rash Alpheus rolled his turgid stream  
Battening upon the dews of early morn ;  
Or pompous Ughtred argued his supreme  
Enlightenment on matters of the main ;  
Nor would the Irish pipes omit to moan,  
Tempered to the Scottish screele,  
Nor braw MacGregor leave his local reel,  
Nor Tanner cease from motions all his own ;  
Nor from the wake would Tim be absent long,  
He often would oblige us with a song.

But O the heavy change now thou art gone !  
Now thou art gone and fairly in thy urn  
And not at present likely to return !

As killing as the pace of Isinglass  
(*Emeritus* and gathered to his stud),  
So shows the canker-worm that nipped, alas !  
Our Primrose in the bud.

What fittest bard shall frame thy benison ?  
Shall doubting Thomas at a venture tune  
The Cambrian harp; or Allen loose his lays,  
Or flippant Labouchere  
With that divinely supercilious air  
Assuage the pestilential heat of June  
By damning thee with faint and frigid praise ?  
  
Where were ye, traitors, when the Tory's teeth  
Closed o'er the open throat of Rosebery ?  
For either ye were plunging on the Heath,  
Where he hath often sported, free from care,  
Or munching unaware  
The toothsome shrimp with your domestic tea.

Ah me ! what boots it with incessant zeal  
To ply the paltry politician's trade,  
And strictly educate a thankless land ?  
Were it not better far, as I have done,  
To chuck the thing betimes and leave the sun,  
And toy with high old Homer in the shade,  
Or trip with Currie's little lot to Kiel,  
Or do, like thee, the double Derby trick ?  
Far better this than thus to simply stick  
And plough the unremunerative sand.

O fount of Local Veto's stream ! O pump  
Of Lawson's limpid-lapsing eloquence !  
Not thine it was to sink that sacred Rump,  
Although I freely ween  
That with a little luck it might have been.

Nay, nay, it was the Opposition's low  
And fatal lust for national defence  
That dealt the irremediable blow,  
I know.

But see the mourners at the coffin's edge,  
Each shepherd with his own peculiar bill,  
Good honest John with literary quill,  
And shamrock, out of season, at his breast,  
Weeping—' Ah, who hath reft my dearest pledge ?'  
And there with duplicated grief oppressed  
The rudely disestablished Asquith mopes,  
A steeple-hat upon his drooping crest,  
And wails with double pipe because of twins.  
A little for his registration hopes,  
But most he sorrows for his country's sins,  
That they, the pastors that defend the fold,  
Should leave the single-hearted wolf without  
To famish in the cold.

But check, my shepherds, check the mournful rout ;  
For Rosebery is not precisely gone :  
He still remains the Genius of the Turf ;  
And this is but a temporary change.  
In my comparatively varied range  
I too have tossed on Fortune's fickle surf ;  
And I have also known  
Opinions rudely veer in many a man ;  
For instance, I was once Gladstonian.  
  
So sang the hoary swain and bade adieu ;  
To-morrow to fresh themes and pamphlets new.

*National Observer*, June 29, 1895.



BY THE SAME AUTHOR

## HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE.

3s. 6d. net.

'A delightful little book of light verse. . . . To every university man, and particularly of course to Cambridge men, this book will be a rare treat. But in virtue of its humour, its extreme and felicitous dexterity of workmanship both in rhyme and metre, and the aptness of its allusions, it will appeal to a far wider public. I pledge Mr. Seaman in a bumper of College Audit! and beg him to give us more of his work.'

PUNCH.

'"Horace at Cambridge" is a volume of sprightly verses . . . The adaptation is often felicitous, the humour is bright and spontaneous, and the several metres are skilfully handled.'

TIMES.

'In the pages of the "Granta" . . . his clever and diverting Horatian verses began to delight us. . . . The novelty of Mr. Seaman's odes and songs lies chiefly in the skilful adaptation of the Horatian point of view to Cambridge life and current topics of the day.'

SATURDAY REVIEW.

'By his book "Horace at Cambridge," Mr. Owen Seaman has conclusively established his right to be rated as A.B. among university poets. . . . He treats Cambridge and its pursuits with a humour which is always sprightly and refreshing. . . . His odes possess a very high literary quality, and his adaptations are as felicitous as his metres and rhymes are apt and clever. . . . We very cordially recommend Mr. Seaman's book not only to all university men, but to all who are likely to care for verse which is not unworthy to be ranked with the efforts of Calverley the immortal.'

WORLD.

'"Horace at Cambridge" . . . should have attractions for all who can appreciate genuine humour as expressed in neat and sprightly measures. . . . Throughout his slender work Mr. Seaman is a diverting companion. His style has much variety and considerable finish.'

GLOBE.

'In the pretty volume entitled "Horace at Cambridge," Mr. Seaman may be congratulated upon having followed with considerable success in the footsteps of the late C. S. C. . . . The majority of these amusing pieces are directly "drawn from Cambridge scenes or associa-

tions" . . . There is a distinctly Horatian flavour about them. . . . As a rhymester Mr. Seaman is usually extremely felicitous, and he manages his ingenious metres with unfailing skill.' ATHENÆUM.

'Mr. Seaman's "Horace at Cambridge" has wit and gaiety. . . . It is never slipshod; it has the neatness, the precision, the sparkle of its Latin namesake.' SPEAKER.

'Mr. Seaman . . . is the Juvenal of every seedy decadent, and the author of "A Ballad of a Bun." He has also, *inter alia*, made the most ingenious "Plea for Trigamy" on record, and he is the Horace of the "Granta" . . . Each poem is based upon some well-known ode of Horace, brought up to date, transferred into the latest of rhythms, decked with the gayest of rhymes. . . .' PALL MALL GAZETTE.

'A volume of bright, clever verses. . . .' DAILY CHRONICLE.

'The fun is distinctly good and laughter-moving.'  
WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

'Mr. Seaman has a light hand and a pretty wit.'  
SKETCH.

'"O. S." are initials well known in more than one contemporary. . . . There is a good deal of clever verbal jugglery in "Horace at Cambridge," and Mr. Seaman's rhymes are always neat.'

VANITY FAIR.

'Here is a genuine treat for all lovers of *jeux d'esprit*. The book is exceedingly clever. . . . Mr. Seaman's muse is first cousin to those of Calverley, Canning, and Praed.'

THE LIBERAL.

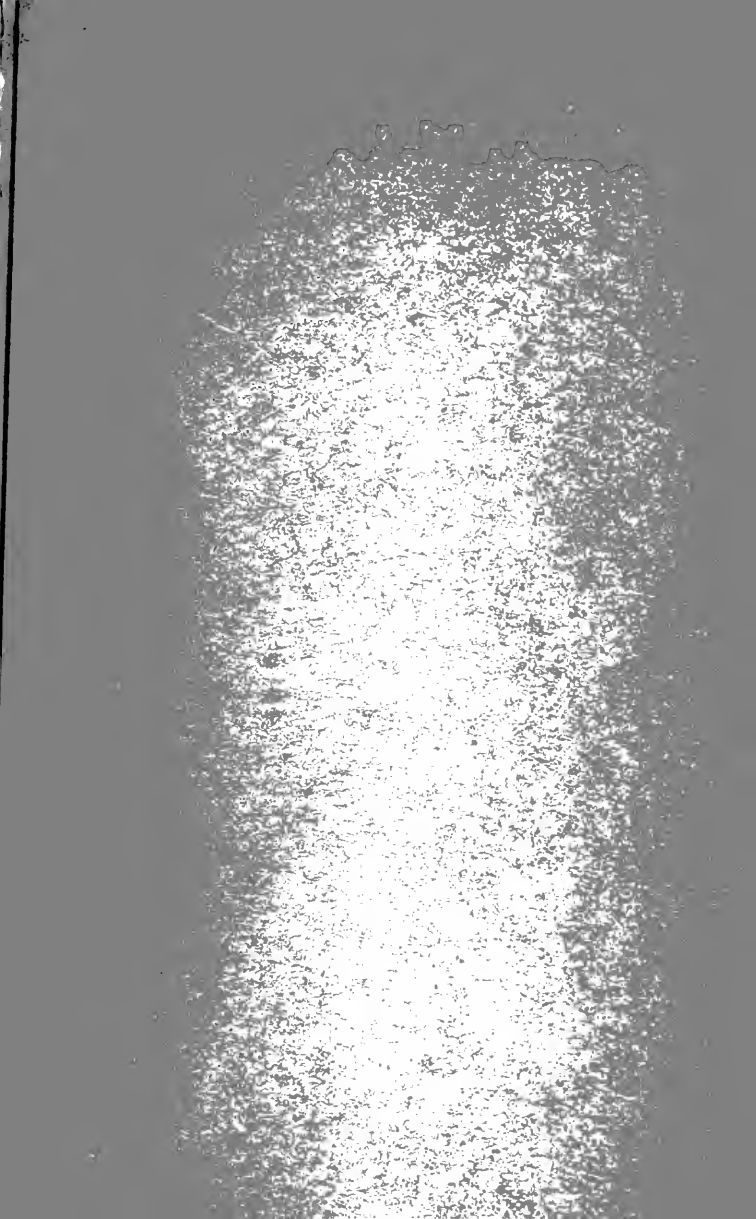
'After Mr. Anstey, perhaps there is no one writing at present who combines so successfully the frequently incongruous elements of wit and literature. . . . Mr. Seaman is a genuine humorist, and among those who have borne the "sacred flame of persiflage from Cambridge portals" he must always hold a popular position, taking rank as no unworthy follower of Praed and of Calverley.'

SUN.

'Mr. Seaman's wonderful dexterity and ease of rhyme and manner can perhaps be fully appreciated only by those who have themselves attempted to write light verse; for his is pre-eminently the art which conceals artifice, and things of this kind seem so desperately easy to pen until you make the attempt for yourself.'

GRANTA.

A. D. INNES & CO., Bedford Street, London.





PR  
6037  
E12T5

Seaman, (Sir) Owen  
Tillers of the sand

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

